Marks's Edition

of the

ADVENTURES OF PAUL PRY AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND in LONDON.

LONDON:
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MARKS'S Adventures of & HIS YOUNG FRIEND IN LONDON.

Paul Pry went to visit,
His Country Friends,
Who so civil behaved,
That to make them amends,
He Invited their Son,
To go with him to Town,
To shew him the Sights,
In that Place of Renown.

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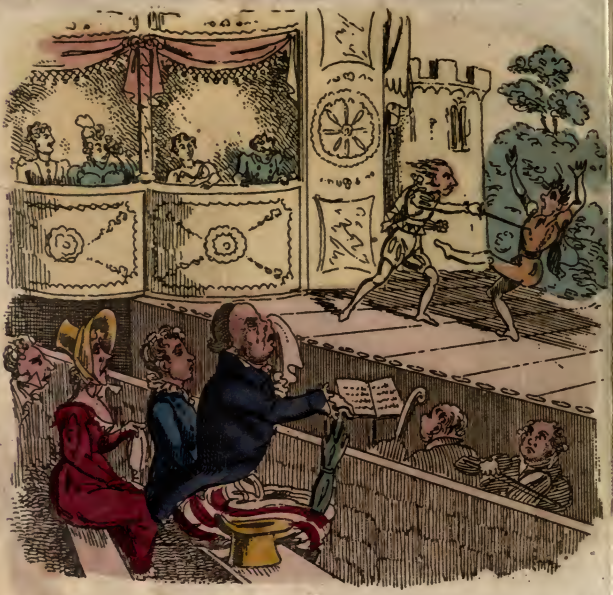
Arrived safe in London,
His young Friend and he,
Went to visit Miss Twizzle,
To Dinner and Tea,
There he trod on the Cat,
What a shocking mishap,
And the Fright made him spill,
All the Tea in his lap.



After rambling about,
Just to finish the day,
They went to see Hamlet,
That favorite Play,
And when young Laertes,
Was run thro the body,
Tis sad cried Paul Pry,
And he wept like a Noddy.

Now to Exeter Change,
Fam'd Polito's they came,
Says the Keeper observe,
This here Tyger how tame,
But he bit Paul Pry's finger,
Who danced with the pain,
And vow'd he'd neer meddle,
With Tygers again.

As much walking soon tires,
As a matter of course,
They went down to Smithfield,
To purchase a Horse.
And bought one quite quiet,
And all over right,
But tho' he'd not kick,
He soon found he would bite.

On Sunday they mounted,
And rode to Hyde Park,
And excited the Laugh,
Of each dandified Spark,
Who cried with a grin,
As they saw him pass by,
Only look that's our old Friend,
The noted Paul Pry.

Paul Pry with his young Friend,
To Vauxhall next went,
And the Evening with mirth,
And good humour they spent.
The Fire-works were grand,
And surprized each beholder,
But a Sky rocket struck,
Poor Paul Pry on the shoulder.

On a Water excursion,
The Boat overset,
He escaped with a ducking,
Quite soused dripping wet.
Cries he I'm near drown'd.
Says the man with a grin.
Your not very much hurt,
For you only dropt in.